

## WEEKLY



## VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, April 30, 1803.

[No. 30]

## THE INDIANS.

A TALE.

Concluded from p. 226.

"A WAY with your culture and refinement. Do they better the heart or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Its affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections, as we receive them from nature are lively and full of vigor. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished; ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian."

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly. They were

transported with ecstasy and surprise when they descried the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. "He perished," answered an Indian. She grew pale, her voice faltered, faint and speechless she fell back on the throbbing breast of Ononchio. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havoc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons like a rapid torrent overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valor, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried sometime in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our Oneyo is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eye accidentally on the Briton,— "Seize him, tear him," he exclaimed; "his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! it was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononchio in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano, distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" exclaimed, "he is my brother!" fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband, and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanor, "Bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononchio



took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son!" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage; "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said Ononchio, full of solicitude and parental tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age; if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the Great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O, tell me if my son survives!"

"I slew him not," he replied, "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life. "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine; the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," I replied, "go comfort and protect thy friends." I sent him forthwith from the field. I never enquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed the dictates of my heart." Marano and Ononchio were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime Ononchio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. "Judge not unfavorably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxurious, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm and unclouded. The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The grey hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons. Marano, with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed long with her brother; she poured out her soul in his sympathising bosom; she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of Marano, her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacency. Calm and unruffled was their repose; they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had

now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man, of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighborhood of Montreal. By the skillful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

"I will return secretly," said he, "I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of Marano and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the ecstasy of their affection, and their surprise on my unexpected arrival. My lovely Marano now laments unconsolated. I will hasten to relieve her, and press her weeping with joy to my faithful transported bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of Oneyo, when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger! He recoiled! He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognized his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life be preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed Oneyo shall not live. Thou great universal Spirit, whose path is in the clouds! whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful; for her I lived;



for her I die." He advanced towards her; he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me! faithless and inconstant. She will exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed? To give her love to a stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin. Marano named him; her voice was soft and plaintive; her visions were of Oneyo. "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love! Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I will embrace thee." He embraced her; she awoke, discovered her husband and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go cherish thy stranger. Away, perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother—Stranger," said he to the Briton, who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude! or must I view thee as the guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?"

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. Ononchio received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

### THE PYTHAGOREAN WOMEN.

BY WIELAND.

THE name of Pythagoras, like those of Hermes, Orpheus, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others, is so celebrated as scarcely to be entirely unknown even to the most uninformed. A fame which has been attached during more than two thousand years to the name of a man of whom nothing else has been preserved, leads us naturally to conclude that the possessor of it must have had uncommon merits, and a considerable influence both on his contemporaries and on the succeeding ages. That this observation is particularly applicable to Pythagoras

may be maintained with justice; altho' we meet with few persons of antiquity whose history is more uncertain, more disfigured by popular traditions, or more blended with legendary tales.

In this respect, Pythagoras has shared the same fate with many extraordinary characters who existed before and after him: he has been represented as an instrument of designs which never came into his head, and described as such an ambiguous, wonderful, and mysterious being, as puts it entirely out of our power, for want of authentic documents, to say with any degree of certainty, what he really was.

Thus much, however, is certain, that he acted during more than forty years an important part in Lower Italy, which the Greeks called *Great Hellas*, and was the founder of a school of theoretical and practical philosophy, or rather of a remarkable secret society, which spread itself through all the republics of that beautiful country, and of whose existence, notwithstanding its short continuance, the most beneficent traces were visible in Italy and Greece several centuries after its extirpation.

Pythagoras was the first public teacher of ethics that ever attained any high degree of eminence among the Greeks, and more powerful effects are attributed to his discourses than any modern preacher of repentance can boast. When he came to Croto, then one of the most populous and beautiful towns in Italy, he found the inhabitants, according to the account of Justin (Book xx. c. 4.) immersed in luxury, voluptuousness, and pride. A man of ordinary talents, how great soever his eloquence might have been, would have had little success in preaching frugality to a people of this description; but Pythagoras, who, exclusive of his great wisdom and other uncommon accomplishments, was also endued with extraordinary personal beauty and majesty of deportment, succeeded in engaging a serious attention, and relaxed not in his endeavors, till he had brought about such a great and general moral reformation in that rich and voluptuous city, as made it almost doubtful whether the Crotonians of his time could have been such abandoned voluptuaries as history asserts they were when he first came amongst them. This apostle of wisdom and virtue facilitated the execution of his great and difficult

task very much by imparting his doctrine to the young people of either sex *separately*, and inculcating the peculiar virtues of each with so much energy, as produced in both a noble and most salutary emulation. The young men became patterns of modesty, and studied philosophy and the belles lettres with a diligence which was unexampled at Croto: and the young women (if we may believe the honest Trogus Pompeius) carried all their embroidered gowns, jewels, necklaces, &c. to the temple of Juno, laying them at the feet of the goddess as sacrifices to domestic virtue, and confessed that *modesty and chastity, not splendor and gaiety of apparel, were the true ornaments of their sex.*

Though we cannot, in justice, believe that the influence of Pythagorean principles over the minds of the Crotonians was quite so powerful as Justin relates, nevertheless this anecdote remains one of the most honorable monuments of the great influence of wisdom over the tender minds of the gentler half of mankind.

Pythagoras, it seems, had also female pupils, and amongst them several who were admitted to his secret instruction, and who are mentioned by the ancients as Pythagoreans in the stricter sense of the word. I know not how much we have lost by the catalogue, which Philochorus, the Athenian historian, is said to have composed of the *heroines* or *Pythagorean women*; little, if it was really no more than a dry catalogue, and much if it contained anecdotes of their lives, which justified that honorable denomination.

Numerous instances of uncommon energy of mind, of temperance, self-denial, patience, and firmness, in social and domestic life, which have done honor to the Pythagorean women, would, at all events, have been recorded in it, and served as patterns for imitation. Many a woman, unknown to the world, practises, within the narrow circle of her domestic life, humble virtues, which frequently require a greater degree of firmness of mind than is exerted on the great theatre of the world to perform deeds which excite the admiration of the multitude, and employ the pens of many historians! And does not frequently the happiness of whole families, and, consequently, the welfare of the state depend upon these humble virtues?



Indeed, Pythagoras appears to me, as far as I can judge by the few genuine remains of his philosophy, to have thought of all this as a man must think who feels that he is called to be a moral physician of corrupted men and states; and although the little which Justin tells us of the moral reformation of the inhabitants of Croto, were all that we know of him, yet that would be sufficient to convince us, his philosophy was not founded on enthusiasm or delusive artifices, but upon a just and true estimation of the value of sublunary things.

Theano, the wife of Pythagoras, seems to have been the first and most remarkable of the Pythagorean women, more on account of her personal accomplishments, than of any authority she might have derived from her connection with the chief of the society. But the same fate which befel the whole Pythagorean order, along with its founder, has also deprived us of the means of becoming better acquainted with that remarkable woman: a few letters to friends, which go under her name, and have been preserved by several ancient authors, are all that is left of her.

Theano was probably the daughter of a Crotonian; and I think I am not mistaken in considering her union with our amiable philosopher as an effect of the enthusiastic veneration which the inhabitants of Croto paid him. For it is nowise probable, that he was married before he settled in Magna Græcia, *i. e.* in the first half of his life; the greater part of which he spent in travelling, and in Egypt. The person whom Pythagoras acknowledged as his better half, and whom he loved with such an uncommon ardor as gave occasion to a certain erotic poet, Hermesianax, of whose amorous elegies to the famous Leontium, Athenæus has preserved a considerable part, of accusing him of a passion for her that bordered on madness; that person must have distinguished herself by uncommon virtues and accomplishments, as it was of essential importance to the success of his institution, that the wife of a man who aimed at the reformation of a whole corrupt nation should be deserving of being held up as a pattern to all wives, mothers, and matrons, of being a sharer in all his most secret plans and thoughts, and of assisting him in the execution of them.

To be continued.

#### EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

THE human breast, however fortified by reason or resolution, has one defenceless passage, which being surprised fills the dreadful measure of our misfortunes: the common, or accidental affections of life, compared with this, take a direct transposition, and reflect around them a paradisiacal state of serenity.

Show me that relentless foe to sympathy and compassion, who can contemplate unmoved the anguish of yon husband, robbed of his dearest treasure! 'Tis not the fancy-formed bauble of a day he mourns; that his philosophy would provide against: 'tis that precious gem, torn from the secret cabinet of his soul, which neither India can ever replace. Thou mayest read on his distracted brow—"Emilia is basely seduced from his arms!"

Death, who is never more than a temporary enemy, however formidable in his advances, might here have been the generous interposing friend, and left not horror half the scenes to act. Love, gratitude, and conjugal affection, would have yielded their plaintive tribute, had the virtuous Emilia paid the awful debt of Nature. Here—his fortitude, and the hand of Providence, must in time point out some friendly ray of hope: nay, a reflection on her past virtues could not but afford an interval of pious joy during the rhapsody of contemplation.—But no such bliss for the wretched Lorenzo!

See the efforts of each contending passion, and how one solemn stamp of universal woe fills the whole!

If distress like this needs aggravation, view him surrounded by the innocent, unoffending pledges of his early love! The scene is here too affecting for any one, who has not renounced every tie of conjugal and parental affection. How wild he gazes upon the tender suppliants, who are anxious to learn the cause of their father's sorrow! Now his stern brow betrays the darkest doubts of their legitimacy; and he seems to trace with wild disorder the features of every imaginary rival.—Too much for manhood to behold!—See, he relapses into tenderness, and stains those manly cheeks, till now unfurrowed by a tear!—recalls the image of his dear Emilia

to his mind, arrayed in all those charms of spotless innocence which won his honest love!—traces her with delusive pleasure from virtue's and affection's offspring, till the momentary phantom disappears, and he loses her in foul dishonor!—Distracted with these complicated scenes of anguish, the human frame no longer able to support them, the brave Lorenzo falls upon the ground!

Can the libertine, after this, persist thus to people his regions of pleasure? Arise, abashed humanity, and insulted manhood, solemnly to forbid their progress! Chance, more than sufficiently indulgent, has given to their sensual desires devoted prostitutes; and even these were never yielded up to infamy without some filial or parental struggles, the effects of expiring virtue. Here turn the impetuous thought of loose desire, where pollution is a trade, and misery cannot point another shaft to aggravate her woes.—No—the sacrifice to modern gallantry cannot be complete till seasoned with a dying mother's tears!—a hoary father's curses for an only daughter debauched!—or a husband's frantic madness for the seduced partner of his joys!

Sooner or later these infernal triumphs must cease, and reason demand at least one solemn pause. If an indulgent Providence should condescend to make even this state the scene of expiation, how awful must be the issue of that sacred interval!

#### An Election Squab.

NOTHING is more common than for men to acquiesce in conclusions that are fairly drawn, without enquiring whether the premises are just. A young gentleman of respectable fortune, family, and character, offered himself a candidate for a borough in the west of England; and had every prospect of success in his election, when his opponent propagated a report that he was a member of the Hell-fire Club, and sent a hired mob through the town, to bawl out no hell-fire club! The younger candidate's friends, instead of contradicting this falsehood, were equally vociferous in roaring, hell-fire for ever! and the consequence was, a loss of his election.



## ALL-SPICE NECKLACES.

Communicated to the Editor of the *Lady's Monthly Museum*.

SIR,

THE ladies' dress seems to be a never-failing subject of discourse: whatever public affairs may demand attention, the dress of the dear creatures must never be forgotten; and so much is this now become a national affair, that, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and in a very enlightened age, there are two or three publications which appear monthly to teach the ladies how to put on their clothes: and in the intermediate time, between three or four hundred paragraphs, squibs, and sarcasms, are printed in the newspapers for the same laudable purpose—to clothe the naked. It seems, therefore, quite unnecessary to trouble you with remarks on a subject so common and so hackneyed. My maxim with dress is, to let it alone; it will always find its level; and, whether becoming or absurd, no fashion lasts long; and what is not of long duration, may, I think, be tolerated by *us men*, who, whatever our opinion may be of certain articles of dress, are not obliged to wear them.

But yet the ladies do sometimes adopt such whims as one cannot help criticising on a little; and a fashion has just come to my knowledge, which seems singular enough. This is a species of NECKLACE made of *Jamaica pepper*, or, as it is called in the language of the kitchen—*all-spice*.—You may see them in every shop: the all-spice is first boiled, then strung with beads alternately, and when cold, the all-spice becomes hard as before. Necklaces of this composition at present adorn the fair necks, and are pendent from the fair bosoms, of our fair ladies.

Now, in the name of wonder, who invented this! or why, out of all the substances in the creation, animal, vegetable, or mineral, should *all-spice* be chosen for a purpose hitherto executed by diamonds, by pearls, and artificial beads of a thousand beautiful hues? I have in vain questioned all the females of my acquaintance as to the origin and uses of this West-Indian produce, taken from our broths and our soups to exalt female beauty; but I can get no answer, no rational account, why *all-spice* is pre-

ferred, or why *grey fess* would not have been full as becoming, and more patriotic, as growing on our own lands. If any of your correspondents, therefore, can illustrate this invention, I shall think myself very much indebted to him; and I doubt not, so will most of your readers, whether they have, or have not, heard of *all-spice necklaces*.

If I may be allowed, on so important a matter, to hazard a conjecture, I would presume that some medicinal virtues may be expected from this invention; but yet I confess that my conjecture receives neither strength nor good manners from the consideration of the uses to which *pepper* is usually applied. We all know what it does in gingerbread, and what in broth; but how it is to operate round the neck we are yet to learn. Still I am unwilling to give up the conjecture; for we know that many medicines usually taken inwardly, such as bark and opium, may be applied outwardly to produce an effect which is commonly less violent than when swallowed. Who knows, therefore, but *all-spice* may be medicinal in necklaces? And who knows but this may be a new system of female medicine; in which the most disagreeable drugs which were formerly with great difficulty rendered palatable, may now be made ornamental; and that in time, a fine lady may prevent all the evil consequences of colds caught at routs, balls, assemblies, &c. by going to public places, dressed in a course of *physic*?

Fevers, for example, so frequently the fatal consequence of midnight air, might be prevented by instructing the *fiscour* to use James's powder; and, to prevent lesser, but still very inconvenient, complaints of irregular living, and dancing, and jaunting, and late hours, what would be more handy than a necklace strung with *analeptic pills*? For coughs and terrible colds, a *bandeau* of *pectoral lozenges* would have, in every sense of the word, a prodigious fine effect.

Such is the only probable conjecture I can form on this invention: it is the best I can form, but I have not the hardihood to say it is the best possible. However, if any of your readers will impart a better, I shall be glad to receive information on so important a subject.

I am, &c. Q. X.

## ANECDOTES.

A Gentleman lately asking what could be the reason that there were four times as many divorces now, as there were a hundred years ago. For the very same reason, (replied one) as for there being four times as many bankrupts as formerly, we do four times the business that our ancestors did, Sir.

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause. In his address to the jury, he said, that for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should abbreviate Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him *Fan*. When his trial came on, Mr. Vansittart begged leave that he might be indulged in the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him *Dear*.

An old farmer on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and he would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose. The landlord answered peremptorily, "No!" "Why then, Sir," said he, "will you give me enough to build a barn?" "No." "To make a gate then?" "Yes." "That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected!"

In the sixteenth century one of the puisne judges wrote a book, entitled, "The Tree of the commonwealth, or the consummation of the law". This treatise, though intended to display the propriety appertaining to every branch of the English legislature, was by some hasty readers mistaken for *The History of the Galloway*.

Two very honest fellows who dealt in brooms, meeting in the street, one of them asked the other how he could afford to undersell him, "Because," said he, "I steal the stuff with which I make them."—"Why, you silly dog," replied the other, "I steal them ready made."

Two soldiers, after a night's lodging in very filthy quarters, found themselves covered with vermin. One of them was very busy in taking off the slowest kind, which the other observing, cried out, "Z—ds! what are you doing? Let us first secure the *dragons*; we can take the foot at leisure."



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 30, 1803.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 25 persons during the week ending on the 24th inst. of whom 13 were adults and 12 children. Of Consumption 2—Pleurisy 1—Syphilis 1—Severe Cold 1—Whooping Cough 1—the remainder of diseases not mentioned.

*By the latest arrivals from Europe, London papers to the 20th of March have been received, by which it appears that war has not yet been declared, but that the most active preparation is making in England for such an event, and a very hot press of men has taken place at all the sea-ports.*

*Extract of a letter, dated Eddyville, March 10, 1803.*

"It is with extreme regret I have to inform you, that a Chickasaw Indian was murdered in this town on Monday last. The circumstances are nearly as follow:

"Six Indians of the Chickasaw Nation, who had been hunting on the south side of Cumberland, came into this town and sold a quantity of venison, turkeys, &c. They went to a tavern and drank pretty freely. After night two of them left the tavern, and it appears was followed by two men by the name of Cook and Ferguson, with each a large club. These men concealed themselves within the yard of Mr. J. W. Throop, and as the Indians came through the gate, struck them.—One fell—the other made his escape. The stroke of the club was heard by Mr. Throop's family—some neighbors were alarmed, and made search for the Indian, who was at length found under a fence with his head beat to pieces in a barbarous manner. He was removed to a house and his wounds dressed by a Physician—but he died the Wednesday following. The other Indian was not very badly hurt.

On Friday a Court was called and Mathew Cook, J. Ferguson and Reuben Cook were apprehended—Mathew Cook

made his escape from the officer—the other two were committed to jail and are to have their trial before the Circuit Court in May next.

The other five Indians have set off for their nation. They carried letters to their Chief, informing of the above circumstances, and requesting one of the Chiefs with an interpreter to attend the trial.

Every kindness and attention was shewn to the Indians—the dead was decently interred, with which they seemed satisfied: But when they took their leave they made signs that the prisoners must be hanged.

It is said that some of the friends of the prisoners have threatened a rescue, and it is expected an attempt will be made. They are guarded at night by seven or eight men. What the consequence will be God only knows—Several families who settled on the other side of Cumberland this spring, have moved back since this unfortunate affair took place."

### THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, April 22.

THE LIE OF A DAY, O'Keefe, and  
TOURNAMENT, (2d time) Maria Starke,

We proceed to give a sketch of the plot of this popular Tragedy.

Albert prince of Bavaria despising the admonitions of prudence marries the lovely daughter of the lady Blanche by an unknown or rather unrevealed father. Agnes the object of Albert's love, is in all respects worthy of his affection, no stain rests on her, save that of illegitimate and supposed plebeian origin. The play opens with the nuptial procession, and Agnes, tho' enamored of her lord and fully impress'd with the idea of her happiness, cannot suppress her fears of his father's indignation. Eberhard, viceroy of Straubing, a disappointed suitor to Agnes, arrives and informs Albert that his father, duke Ernest, holds a tournament in honor of Thorryng his kinsman, just returned from Palestine. With some difficulty Albert is prevailed on to visit the tourney, but on his attempting to enter the lists he is repulsed as one who had forfeited the rights of knighthood by his connexion

with Agnes. Albert enraged dissolves the Tourney, and being reproved by Eberhard, deprives him of the honor of knighthood by striking him with the flat of his sword. The viceroy is revenged by Ernest, who inflicts the same disgrace on his son. Eberhard hastily departs vowing revenge. Albert having no choice left him but to break his marriage vow or rebel against his father, chooses the latter, and departs with the knights who espouse his cause. The duke is much distressed by this conduct of his son, but is partly reassured when Thorryng, the venerable champion of the cross, undertakes to proceed to Albert's Castle and bring him back by the voice of reason to the path of duty.

Eberhard mean time has reached Albert's castle, intent to gain possession of Agnes, but his purpose is frustrated by the arrival of Albert and his knights. Thorryng arrives and prevails upon Albert to repair to Ratisbon and seek reconciliation with the duke, he remaining as a hostage, with Albert's companions.

The viceroy assembles soldiers, resolving to force the castle; which he accomplishes at the moment Thorryng had discovered the beautiful Agnes to be his daughter: Eberhard finding her in Thorryng's arms stabs him and carries off his prize.

Agnes confined in the dungeons of Straubing, is visited by Eberhard, who proposes to her choice his love, or death. She despising her persecutor, he attempts force, but is repulsed by his own sword, which she snatches from its scabbard. He then determines to wreak his vengeance on Albert and Agnes by procuring her condemnation as the seducer of the prince and cause of rebellion. In this he succeeds; and Agnes is condemned to be thrown into the Danube.

In the previous scene Eberhard is told by Agnes that Thorryng is her father and tho' he pretends to disbelieve it, the thought torments him: convinced that Thorryng is murdered by his hand and contemplating the convulsive struggles of Agnes in the moment of death, his imagination conjures up the ghost of Thorryng, an object of popular belief at that time, and he is almost driven by guilt, to frenzy.

Agnes is led in solemn procession to



the bridge near Ratisbon and is on the point of being hurried to a watery death, when *Albert* and his knights arrive to her rescue; producing a scene, both upon the sight and feelings of the audience, of the happiest and most splendid effect. *Albert* victorious, condemns the guilty *Eberhard* to the death he intended for the innocent *Agnes*, he is hurried up the bridge and dashed off amidst the acclamations of all present.

The wounded *Thorring* borne by his soldiers, arrives with the duke, proclaims the royal birth of *Agnes*, and expires.

Mr. Hodgkinson in *Albert*, played in his usual manner.

Mr. Fennell had an arduous task to support the detestable character of *Eberhard*, and acquitted himself much to his credit.

The *Agnes* of Mrs. Johnson possesses all the charms which filled the imagination of the poet, when he drew the picture of beauty, virtue, and dignity struggling against ferocious prejudices and brutal passions.

SATURDAY, April 23.

THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, or DAYS OF OLD, and NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS. *Days of old seem to be out of date*—There were not people enough in all the boxes to fill one.

MONDAY, April 25.

THE TOURNAMENT, 3d time, and TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

WEDNESDAY, April 27.

KING LEAR, *Shakespeare*, and POOR SOLDIER, *O'Keefe*.

Mr. Fennell played *Lear* and would have been very respectable but that he was very imperfect.

A young lady made her debut in *Norah*. Her voice is good but not sufficiently cultivated; her figure is very elegant. Practice and study must make her an ornament to the stage.



NAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,  
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

### Marriages.

On Friday, last week, Mr. Thomas B. Arden, of this city, to Miss Eliza Brotherson, daughter of John Brotherson, esq. of Westchester.

On Saturday evening last, Capt. Samuel Flower, of the Ship Fair American, to Miss Mary Ann Woods, both of this city.

On same evening, Mr. Thomas Crispin, to Miss Catherine Britten, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, Mr. William Townsend, of Orange County, to Miss Elizabeth Franklin, of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Peter Hartwick, to Mrs. Mary Lee, both of this city.



### Deaths.

On Saturday morning, last week, Mr. Jacob Wilkins, jun. in the 38th year of his age.

On Monday morning, Samuel Bowne, merchant, aged 36.

On Saturday last, At Brooklyn, Paul Darell, esq.

At the Havanna, on the 29th ult. Mr. James Willink, partner in the house of Messrs. Jonathan Ogden & Co. of this city.

On Wednesday morning, the 20th inst. in the 20th year of her age, Ann N. Roosevelt, daughter of Cornelius C. Roosevelt, esq.

On the 19th inst. of a Consumption, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Thomas Little, to whose care the lunatics of the Hospital was entrusted for many years.

W. On Spring, came too late for this week, but shall be inserted the next.

### THEATRE.

On Monday evening, May 2,  
will be presented,  
(for the last time this season)

A Tragedy, in 5 acts called,

### The TOURNAMENT.

In Act 2d, a Square ornamented and prepared for a TOURNAMENT.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in 2 acts called,

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

Or, the Scheming Lieutenant.

### WHAITES & CHARTERS,

#### PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

### LEWIS G. STANBROUGH

Begs leave to inform his friends, and the public, that he intends to remove his SCHOOL, from No. 49, Chatham-Street, to No. 155, into Mr. DOMINIC's well known School-room, now occupied by Mr. Edson, which will be open on Monday the second day of May next, for the reception of youth, of both sexes; where he will teach the various branches included in an English Education. As the situation is very pleasant, and his fix'd purpose is to pay the strictest attention to the business, as well as to the morals of his pupils, he presumes to hope for a degree of public patronage.

Wanted,  
AN APPRENTICE  
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.  
A smart boy of good morals.  
Apply at this office.

JOHN TIEBOUT,  
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,  
Has for sale.

Blank Books of every description.  
Bibles of every size.  
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, &c.  
And a general assortment of  
Stationary.

MEMOIRS OF  
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.  
By Regina Maria Rooke.





## THE WATER-CRESSSES BOY.

A TALE.

*Founded on a Fact.*

'T WAS on a dreary winter's morn,  
When bread was dear, and work was scant;  
When misery deeply sigh'd, forlorn,  
Expos'd to all the woes of want;

A boy stretch'd on the pavement lay,  
A cover'd basket by his side—  
His *all*—provision for the day!—  
'Twas what his industry supply'd.

Long ere the source of cheerful light  
Had ting'd the clouds with orient dye,  
Or chas'd the shades of gloomy night,  
From home, alas! he's forc'd to hie

To brooks, and streams, and places dank,  
To cull the early gifts of spring,  
Where vegetation, moist and rank,  
Her deepest tints of verdure flings.

At home, poor boy! that morn he'd left  
A helpless mother, sick and poor,  
Of friend, of ev'ry aid bereft,—  
This son, on earth, her only store!

She'd seen the joys of better times,  
She'd known the sweets of happier days:  
Visit not, Heav'n, for fathers' crimes!—  
But hid to man are all thy ways.

Bleak blew the piercing north-east winds,  
And thick descended drifting snows;  
With pain the trembling boy now finds  
The brooks are ice, the springs are froze.

Long, long he sought the water-cress,  
Abroad thro' streets and lanes to cry;  
To blunt the edge of keen distress,  
His own and mother's food to buy.

Return'd to town with scanty fare,  
He'd call'd his cresses all around,  
With limbs and bleeding feet quite bare;  
But sale nor pity now was found.

More fierce the piercing wind still blew,  
More thick descended drifting snows;  
With cold, the boy, pierc'd thro' and thro',  
Now sinks beneath his whelming woes!

The raging storm had rais'd his frame—  
A frame too weak the storm to bear;  
And life's but just extinguish'd flame  
His stiff'ning limbs aloud declare.

Yewich, who cold nor hunger knew,  
Nor e'en the thoughts of hunger fear,  
Ah! ease the orphan's bitter woe!—  
Ah! wipe the widow's dropping tear!

Long, long the mother now may look  
For welcome son, and welcome bread,  
The produce of the gelid brook:  
Her bread is gone—her son is dead!

No more, in answer to her prayers,  
She'll hear the cheering, pleasing sound—  
Of his known steps ascend the stairs,  
To soothe, to heal her ev'ry wound!

His life is fled, his woes are o'er,—  
The widow's stay,—her only joy!  
He'll feel nor cold nor hunger more,  
Poor, hapless, Water-cresses Boy!

## LINES

*Addressed to a Coquette.*

THANKS, dear coquette! indulgent cheat!  
Kind Heav'n, and your more kind-deceit,  
At length have set me free;  
No more I sigh, and dote, and pine,  
All ease without, and calm within,  
In peace and liberty.

Yet, still (for I am quite sincere)  
You're mighty pretty—true, my dear;  
But, like your pretty sex,  
You're here and there, and now and then  
A failing; for, like other men,  
I now can spy defects.

Yet once, with coward fondness cur'd,  
My poor weak heart I thought would burst  
At thoughts of separation;  
But now I scorn thy feeble chain,  
And bless the salutary pain  
That cur'd me of my passion.

In kind indulgence to a heart  
Engag'd in so severe a part,  
This sweet revenge I write;  
Rail, weep, be woman all; for I,  
Lull'd in indifference defy  
Your fondness, or your spite.

A frail false maid I lost; but you  
A man, fond, generous, and true;  
Which fortune is the worse?  
Try all love's mighty empire round,  
A faithful lover's seldom found—  
A jilt's a common curse.

HENRIQUEZ.

## J. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Room, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Camille, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine White Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for making off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

## NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere—Evelina's Lullaby—Poor Mary—The Village Coquette—Once happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule without control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale—the Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's Work—The fair Huntress—the Blackbird—the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—Adown, adown, in the Valley—Little sinning's in Love—Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET,  
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS  
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